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Send a cheque for 2 guineas with your name and address to -

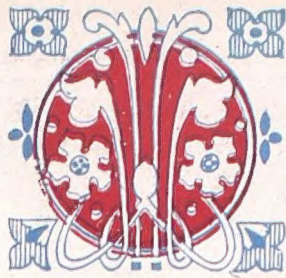


Mlle. Magliani, of the Théâtre de la Gaîté.
Photo Appers.

2
Gns.

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We cannot repeat this price after the present stock is exhausted.



THE SKETCH



No. 1479. — Vol. CXIV.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 1921.

ONE SHILLING.



THE COMPLETE ETHEL M. DELL HEROINE: MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH AS LADY CARFAX.

"The Knave of Diamonds," at the Globe, is a drawing-room melodrama from the "best-seller" novel by Ethel M. Dell, and those who admire this popular novelist revel in the amazing faithfulness with which Mr. Charlton Mann has dramatised the book. It is genuine Dell throughout, and

Miss Violet Vanbrugh, as the pure-hearted heroine, not only wears wonderful Reville dresses, but plays with all her accustomed art, and with a considerable amount of gusto. Our photograph shows her in an exquisite ball-dress and cloak which she wears in the play.

Natural-Colour Photograph by Reville Studios.

Motley Notes



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

The World Holds Its Breath.

By the time these lines appear in print we shall be within five weeks—five little weeks—of one of the greatest events in the history of the world. I do not refer to the possibility that the British nation may be proceeding on its way without any sort of a strike, nor to the even more remote possibility that the German nation may have paid the Allies a bit on account. There is something in the air of far greater importance than the future of the British Empire or the definite end of the Great War.

You know perfectly well what I mean. Let us have no sort of affectation about the matter. This copy of *The Sketch* should reach your hands by June 1—trembling hands, for on July 2 M. Georges Carpentier and Mr. Dempsey, champion heavy weight fighters of the world, are to meet and have a smack at each other in Jersey City.

The future of France depends, I understand, on Carpentier's chance of "putting across a lightning punch on the American's jaw." Just think of it! If Shakespeare rose from his tomb at Stratford-on-Avon, and strolled into the arena at Jersey City on July 2, lofty forehead, scroll of manuscript and all, nobody would take the slightest notice of him except the ticket collector; and woe betide the Immortal Bard if he had not put down his good money months in advance!

Civilisation and the Punch.

The world, we all know, has advanced enormously in the last few thousand years. The iguana, "an American reptile of the lizard family, with pendulous dewlap," is still with us, but the ichthyosaurus and the ichthyornis have been rightly abolished. They were too much. They went too far. Man's sense of right and wrong could tolerate them no longer. Pendulous dewlaps we can stand, but birds "with vertebræ like those of fishes and with teeth set in sockets," or "fish-like lizards of immense size, combining the characters of both lizards and fishes," had to go. Civilisation was getting fed up.

In countless other directions, too, we have advanced beyond all knowledge. We no longer imprison people in wicker cages and burn them alive. Even the Hun never did that. Which shows that the Hun has been much maligned. You may say there was a shortage of wicker, but I prefer to think that the Hun is too civilised to burn his victims alive. Poison gas is another matter. You can't see the results of your handiwork till later. If you watch the victim writhe it must be through very powerful glasses.

But the lightning punch on the jaw is still the premier achievement in man's dealing with man. As Carpentier says, the honour of France is in his hands—or, rather, his fists.

Dempsey for President?

Dempsey is also a modest fellow. Dempsey may run for the Presidency of the United States if he wins the fight, but that is all in the future. Up to the moment of writing, he has not even issued an election address. He is concentrating, like a good and wise man, on the event of July 2. He knows precisely what he has to do. He has put his ambition into a few simple, telling words. A child could understand this remarkable man, on whom the eyes of the world are fixed.

"I shall knock his block off in three rounds."

Thus Dempsey. The great sayings of great men are enshrined in countless tomes.

Macaulay said: "That is the best government which desires to make the people happy, and knows how to make them happy." (Like ours.)

Charles Kingsley said: "O, Mary, go and call the cattle home."

Byron said: "The women pardoned all except her face."

Goethe said: "Art is long, life short; judgment difficult, opportunity transient."

Shelley said: "I love tranquil solitude, and such society as is quiet, wise, and good."

Seneca said: "Fire is the test of gold; adversity, of strong men."

Dempsey said: "I shall knock his block off in three rounds."



A FINE GERALD KELLY PORTRAIT: THE COUNTESS OF LISBURN.

Mr. Gerald Kelly's portrait of Lady Lisburne, the beautiful wife of the Earl of Lisburne and daughter of Don Julio de Bittencourt, is on view at the International Society's show at the Grafton Galleries, and is a fine example of his work.

Photograph by Paul Laib, from the painting by Gerald Kelly. Copyright strictly reserved by the artist.

America Receives Carpentier.

Two aviators in a biplane came flying towards us, showing the French colours on the lower wing, and presently, to the delight of everyone aboard, they dropped little French flags and American Stars and Stripes. Then a great company of cinema operators, news reporters, and Customs inspectors came alongside in a revenue cutter. The former took complete possession of Carpentier, marched him to the boat deck, and filmed him to their hearts' content.

The Customs officers debated for a few minutes as to whether they could not extend Ambassadorial privileges to the French visitor, and finally decided to make their examination as easy as possible.

You must have visited the United States to appreciate fully the passage I have printed in italics. The mere glance of a Customs officer makes you tremble in every limb; when they speak, you fall to the ground; should they speak roughly, as one annoyed, your heart fails you, the spirit leaves the body, and you die on the landing-stage. At any rate, I shall never forget the fierce way they handled my dress-shirts.

But with Carpentier—ah! They held a debate! Almost—but not quite—they decided to leave his dress-shirts alone. Finally, they made their examination "as easy as possible." . . . It is enough. . . .

Imprisoned in a Sheik's Harem for Weeks.



THE WOMAN WHO CAME THROUGH THE SHARABAN TRAGEDY: MRS. E. L. BUCHANAN.

Mrs. E. L. Buchanan, the young widow of Captain E. L. Buchanan, Assistant Irrigation Officer, who was killed in the riots in Mesopotamia nine months ago, came through danger of death and worse, and suffered a painful imprisonment of some weeks in the harem of Sheik Majid before she was rescued by a British Relief Column under Brigadier-General F. E. Conyngham. The story of her experiences at

Sharaban during the rising is a thrilling story of British bravery and calm resolution in defiance of terrible odds, and reflects the wonderful courage of the woman who stood by her husband during the siege of the Qushlah and, to use her own words, "put up a fight on our own" when the Arabs managed to enter the building. Her husband was killed and she was carried off.—[*Photograph by Vandyk.*]

"THE SKETCH" AT HURLINGHAM: SOCIETY



LEAVING THE STAND:
MRS. ROBERTSON.



ONE OF THE MANY SPECTATORS:
LADY CHESHAM.



WATCHING THE GAME: THE DUKE



WITH LADY MAINWARING: MRS. LOEFFLER
(LEFT).



DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH:
LADY BLANDFORD.

Polo is the one pre-occupation of Society at the moment, and numbers of people assembled at Hurlingham to see the English side beat the Rest. The teams were: England—Lieutenant-Colonel H. A. Tomkinson, No. 1; Major Barrett, No. 2; Major V. N. Lockett, No. 3; and Lord Wodehouse, Back. The Rest—Mr. L. Stoddard, No. 1; Mr. E. Hopping, No. 2; Lieutenant-Colonel R. G. Ritson, No. 3; and Colonel C. F. Hunter, Back. The match was remarkable for a glorious exhibition by Colonel Tomkinson, who took every opportunity which was given him, and played a magnificent game. Mr. Stoddard and Mr. Hopping also showed fine

WATCHES ENGLAND BEAT THE REST.



OF CONNAUGHT AND HIS PARTY.

STROLLING UP TO SEE THE POLO :
LADY CONYNTHAM.

ARRIVING AT THE CLUB :
MRS. ROGERSON.



WITH MISS VIOLET BARING :
LADY WARRENDER.



WITH MISS CHISHOLM : MRS. HAMPDEN
GORDON.

form and gave the English defence a good deal of trouble. England beat the Rest by eight goals to seven. Our photographs show some of the well-known people who watched the match. The Duke of Connaught, who came with a party; Lady Chesham, the wife of Lord Chesham; Lady Blandford, the wife of the Marquess of Blandford; Lady Mainwaring, the wife of Sir Harry Stapleton Mainwaring; and Lady Warrender, the wife of young Sir Victor Warrender, are among those shown on our pages, as well as the beautiful Mrs. Loeffler, Lady Conyngham, and others.—[Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by Alfieri.]

"Sunbeams out of Cucumbers"

THE greatest thrill of the week was provided for me by a gentleman whose very existence is now said to have been problematical. I mean Mr. William Shakespeare. My young brother, just home from the Eastern wars, begged for a music-hall, or Leslie Henson, or Edna Best, or one of the Vanbrughs. But I know my brothers better than they know themselves. Also, I had seen "Henry IV." at the Court, and was consumed with

desire to see Basil Rathbone again. My dear old aunt, who is nearly seventy, fell so deeply in love with him as Henry Prince of Wales that she insisted on accompanying us; and surely Basil Rathbone will never be more completely convincing than when he enraged her to the point of exclaiming: "Oh, the wretch! Oh, never, never do I wish to see the wretch again!" She almost hissed him as he muttered: "Do but encave yourself, And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns That dwell in every region of

1. Angela finds herself more "broke" every day, and decides to "do" the Derby really cheaply this year. At first she intended to go by charabanc, but finds the passengers so very exuberant, even on ordinary days, that she feels she'll be rather in the way in a Derby crowd.

his face; For I will make him tell the tale anew—Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when He hath, and is again to cope your wife."

And my aunt's eyes were not the only wet ones when little white-faced Desdemona crooned—

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow;
The fresh streams ran by her and murmured her moans,
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones,
Sing willow, willow, willow.

The Spanish Ambassadors, Mme. Merry del Val, used her diminutive handkerchief throughout the last act; and, myself, I saw through my own tears the countenance of Sir George Arthur (the ex-Lifeguardsman, and the biographer of Lord Kitchener) being controlled with difficulty; while Lady Tree did not even pretend not to be crying; and the Clive Morrison Bells and his Excellency the Spanish Ambassador moved out of the stalls quite inarticulate when the end came, all too soon.

The unknown rest rose in eloquent silence. I alone seemed vandal enough to yell my applause. I longed to thank someone. I certainly should have burst behind the scenes if it had not been for the conventional eye of my aunt. Besides, I do not know Mr. Fagan; and shyness of the members of the Rathbone family I do know held me back. The memory of their stately old home near Liverpool—Greenbank—sets me thinking of its chatelaine: a wonderful old lady she used to be, always busy doing beautiful old Spanish leather screens in dull gold and greens and blues. There was an ancient horse grazing in the paddock which Miss Eleanor Rathbone (the well-known feminist) informed me had belonged to her father—William the Seventh, I think she called him. The eldest son is always William. That particular head of the family was a Liberal Member of Parliament in Lord Salisbury's day, before Radicals were dreamed of. I expect young Basil inherited much of his artistic genius from the Greenbank Rathbones—or was it from the other branch, whose lovely home

borders the wild wastes of Bassenthwaite Lake? Both were filled with treasures—pictures, books, china: just the environment to inspire an artist. But I am almost certain he got his nose from his mother—a type of rare beauty with a Greek profile and a crown of snow-white hair.

After so much emotional exhaustion we blessed Mrs. Eric Chaplin for making lawn-tennis possible next morning without motoring all the way to Queen's Club. Mrs. Chaplin is one of the pioneers of the new club at the Botanical Gardens. Already there are eight hard courts—perfect ones. And the joy is that you can only join by invitation of the Committee, so you are assured of meeting your friends. The daughter of the Dowager Lady Nunburnholme was certain to make a success of anything she undertook. That wonderful garden at Nice is an endless source of delight to Lady Nunburnholme's numerous friends, and its creation must have necessitated years of planning. Mr. Eric Chaplin is, of course, the son of Lord Chaplin—"The Squire"—perhaps the most popular of all squires in the Midlands. Mr. Chaplin's sister is Lady Londonderry, whose parties at Londonderry House are epoch-making. Never shall I forget how splendid she looked marching at the head of her Women's Legion in the Peace procession. It is rare to find so capable a woman amongst the beauties of this world, but for once the gods were generous when they measured their gifts.

The strike persists in spoiling our season, but Miss Gearry did not stop her little dinner-dance the other night. It was supposed to be for the American "buds," Grace Vanderbilt and Alice Astor, Lady Ribblesdale's debutante daughter, and a few of like age. But the Ralph Petos were there, and Lord and Lady Massereene, and Sir Harry

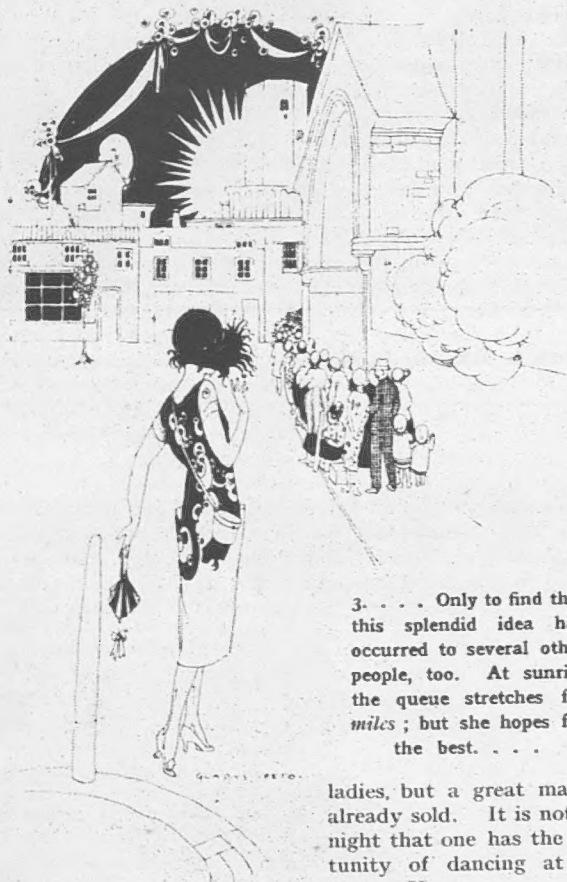


2. The obvious thing to do is to catch the ordinary Epsom 'bus. So she leaps out of bed at the first streak of dawn and hurries to the starting place. . . .

and Lady Mainwaring, and Mrs. Dudley Ward and her young sister-in-law, Mrs. Alan Adair, and several other young married couples.

Miss Gearry is the American who has taken Lord Beauchamp's house in Belgrave Square, and she has the real American gift for making people enjoy themselves.

I hear of a big ball to be given at Lansdowne House on June 22 by kind permission of Mr. Gordon Selfridge. Some weeks ago Queen Alexandra sent out letters saying how distressed she was to hear that the work carried on by her nurses was in danger of being seriously crippled through lack of funds. In order to maintain it at the present level, an additional fund of £12,000 a year must be raised. The ball at Lansdowne House was therefore decided on. Lady Curzon of Kedleston was asked to undertake all the arrangements, so it is assured of success. Lady Crewe, Lady Ancaster, Lady Pembroke, and Lady Tree have consented to join her in forming the Executive Committee; and in addition to her Majesty Queen Alexandra, the patronesses are Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, Lady Essex, Lady Desborough, Mrs. Winston Churchill and Mrs. Ambrose Dudley. Tickets may be had from any of these



3. . . . Only to find that this splendid idea had occurred to several other people, too. At sunrise the queue stretches for miles; but she hopes for the best. . . .

ladies, but a great many are already sold. It is not every night that one has the opportunity of dancing at Lansdowne House.

Mr. Selfridge is indeed generous to lend it. I met the other day a man who knows him well, and he assures me he is deeply appreciative of the artistic side of life, in spite of his commercial millions. Highcliffe Castle, the beautiful seat of the Stuart Wortleys, near Christchurch, is Mr. Selfridge's present country home, and he loves every stone of it, and all its historical relics of Marshal Ney. It is a comfort to hear of millionaires who are imbued with catholic taste and a genuine love of the beautiful. After all, money remains the greatest force on our little struggling earth. And money crowns success—the success bought by hard work, and knowledge of men and women and their wants—the every-day common or garden wants that make for the comfort of the individuals who collectively compose the State. And in the degree that the individual is made comfortable, just so much will the State become at peace with itself and with the rest of the world. So perhaps Mr. Selfridge might be called one of our most eminent statesmen! At any rate, I heard of him the other day sparring with the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Mr. Selfridge asserted that there was no question that could not be answered at the Information Bureau in the Oxford Street emporium. Lord Curzon, in teasing mood, said: "What if I asked for the accurate number of Russian Bolsheviks now in London?"

Quick as lightning, Mr. Selfridge answered: "The Bureau would give you a comfortable seat by the American soda-water fountain, while they rang up the Foreign Office and got your official figures." But Mr. Vansittart (who would have received the question) is not certain it would have been as easy as all that. And Lord Drogheda, a prospective Private Secretary to the Foreign Minister, is not so sure he is up to the appointment, after all!

The Park was deserted when I strolled through, save for Lord and Lady Blandford on their way to polo, and Captain Euan Wallace with his pretty wife, also on their way to Roehampton.

And I found Colonel "Sam" Ashton exercising a charger in the Row—a very spick-and-span "Sam" in new uniform, taking the salute of multitudinous Lifeguardsmen who passed him bearing the colours. A happy contrast to his long exile in a German prison

camp must peace-time soldiering be, with hunting at Melton all winter, and polo all summer, and dining out and dancing most nights, as befits one of the last remaining bachelor officers of the Household Cavalry—I mean of the *pre-war* officers. For myself, I positively refuse to dance another step till the strike is over.

It is such a cup-and-ball existence trying to find a place in the train—and you must either give up your week-end in the country or your Tuesday to Friday in London. My own country guests give me such a hearty welcome down here that I gladly forego London. My guests are mostly robins and swallows and wagtails, and blackbirds and thrushes, and little absurd wrens that sing out of all proportion to their size. And to-day I was met by the white fan-tailed pigeons cooing their heads off because the sun was shining straight on their own roof-tree. And a swan floated down my very own stream with her young. And the blue burrage is out, and the peonies in the old border; and the wallflowers, as they die, leave the hot scent I love most in the world hovering round the windows.

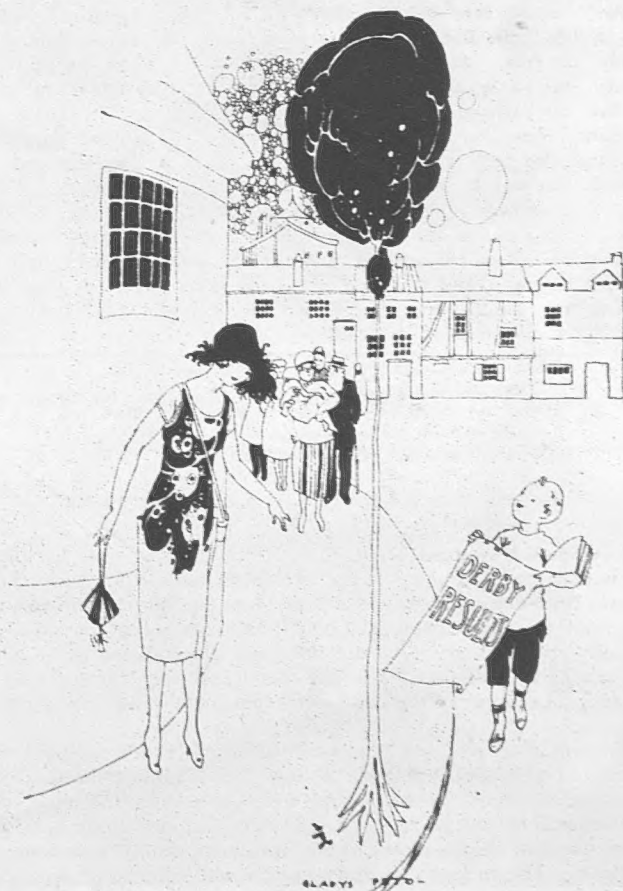
And "Queen Victoria"—the book, I mean—has come with me; and "The Glass of Fashion," and Peter Wright's astounding disclosures about the Supreme War Council. What more could mortal want?

But Arthur Pendenys, my "Books of To-Day" friend, is quite annoyed with "The Gentleman with the Duster." He calls him Mr. Nosey Parker, "a type of smug and unctuous critic," who, because he is shocked at everything, wants us all to be shocked too. He relegates him to the days of Berlin woolwork and elastic-sided boots, and says he is wrong to recommend us to copy the morals of the Renaissance period. Even I remember that in those days there were Borgias about. And as Arthur Pendenys says, the line of the Medici was continued by princes of more than doubtful origin.

And yet . . . I do wish the gentleman would forever dust away one or two of our most *declassées* peeresses of the realm.

In spite of Mr. Pendenys, we need our "gentry"; though, like him, I agree that the word is too genteel. Down here in the country we find them still. There is still something about oaks and beeches and horse-chestnuts that makes for dignity. Perhaps that is it. Whereas in London last week I met—but the Editor would only scratch the name out. But I am quite certain there are still Borgias about!

What drama Shakespeare would make to-day! On the circumstantial evidence of the inheritance of a pair of tortoiseshell-rimmed spectacles, it is now suggested that some ancestor of Lord Derby was really our immortal Bard of Avon. Let the inimitable



4. . . . And stands for hours and hours; and, just as it is really her turn at last, a paper boy comes by with "Derby Result"—which is too sad; but at least she's in good time to buy a paper.

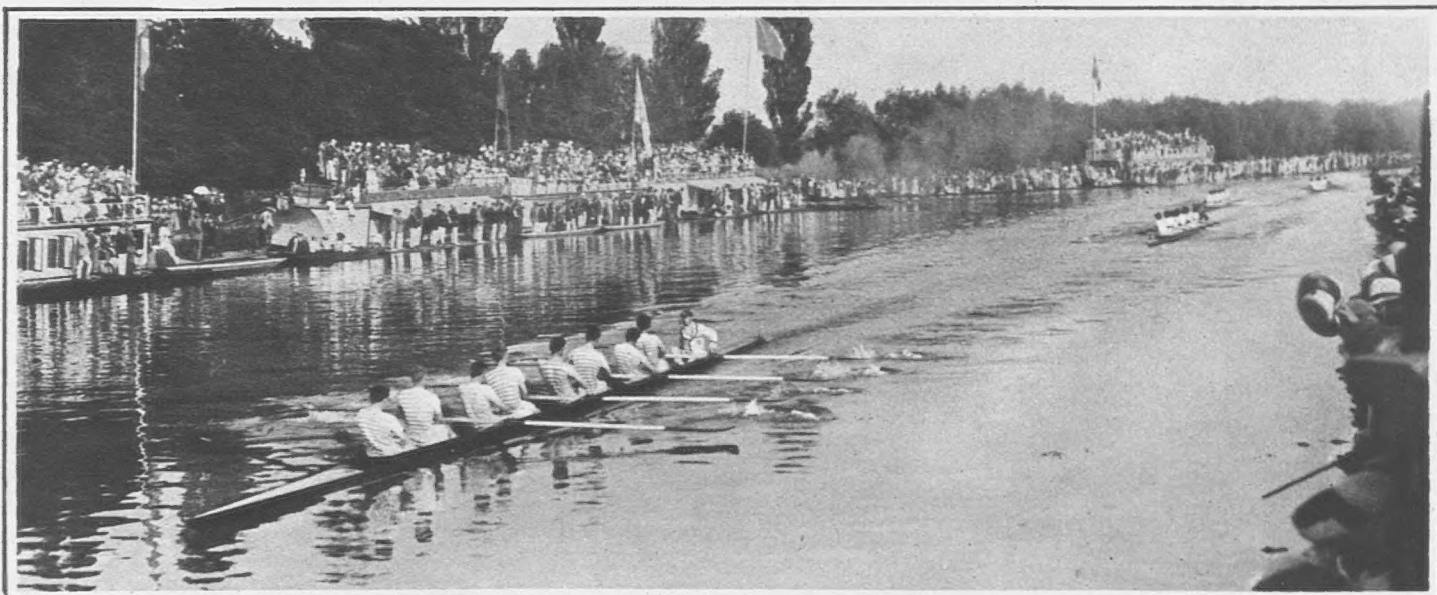
"Eddie" prove it. The shades of all the military Stanleys would walk every midnight if he left unsung a certain dramatic, if unpoetic, episode of to-day. I wonder if he knows all the details. . . .

IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.

New Gains the Headship: Bumped and Bumpers.



THE SUMMER EIGHTS AT OXFORD: PEMBROKE MAKES A BUMP.



NEW COLLEGE, GAINER OF THE HEADSHIP OF THE RIVER: ROWING HOME.



THE NEW HEAD OF THE RIVER, VICE MAGDALEN:
NEW COLLEGE STARTING.



IN THE WATER, ACCORDING TO CUSTOM: CREWS AFTER
THE EVENT.

The Summer Eights were held at Oxford in perfect weather, and were witnessed by crowds of spectators. The racing was excellent, and Magdalen lost the headship of the river, being bumped by New College, who had no difficulty in retaining the lead. The following are the names and weights of the New College Crew, victors of

the day: H. A. Haworth (bow), 10 st. 7 lb.; C. E. G. Beveridge, 11 st. 6 lb.; J. T. Haydon, 12 st. 2 lb.; D. F. Lency, 12 st. 5 lb.; P. S. Abrahams, 13 st. 6 lb.; M. Beevor, 13 st. 4 lb.; C. A. S. Parker, 11 st. 6 lb.; J. R. Baker (stroke), 12 st.; and D. S. MacGregor (cox), 8 st. 2 lb.—[Photographs by Hills and Saunders.]

The Amateur Golf Championship: W. I. Hunter Wins.



THE AMERICAN WHO KNOCKED OUT JOHN BALL: FRED WRIGHT, THE MASSACHUSETTS CHAMPION.



THE YORKSHIRE CHAMPION WHO BEAT FRANCIS OUMET: CHARLES HODGSON, OF BAILDEN.



THE MAN WHO KNOCKED OUT TOLLEY, THE AMATEUR CHAMPION OF 1920: J. B. BEDDARD.



THE NEW AMATEUR CHAMPION: W. I. HUNTER, OF WALMER AND KINGSDOWN.



FINALIST AND KNOCKER-OUT OF BOBBY JONES: ALLAN J. GRAHAM, OF ROYAL LIVERPOOL, WHO WAS DEFEATED BY W. I. HUNTER.



BROTHER OF THE LATE JACK GRAHAM, JR.: ALLAN J. GRAHAM, WHO MET W. I. HUNTER IN THE FINAL.



KNOCKED OUT BY W. I. HUNTER, SON OF THE DEAL "PRO.": ERNEST W. HOLDERNESS.



KNOCKED OUT IN THE SIXTH ROUND BY ALLAN J. GRAHAM: F. C. HARRISON, OF FORMBY.



THE MAN WHO BEAT FRED WRIGHT: BERNARD DARWIN; DEFEATED IN THE SEMI-FINAL.

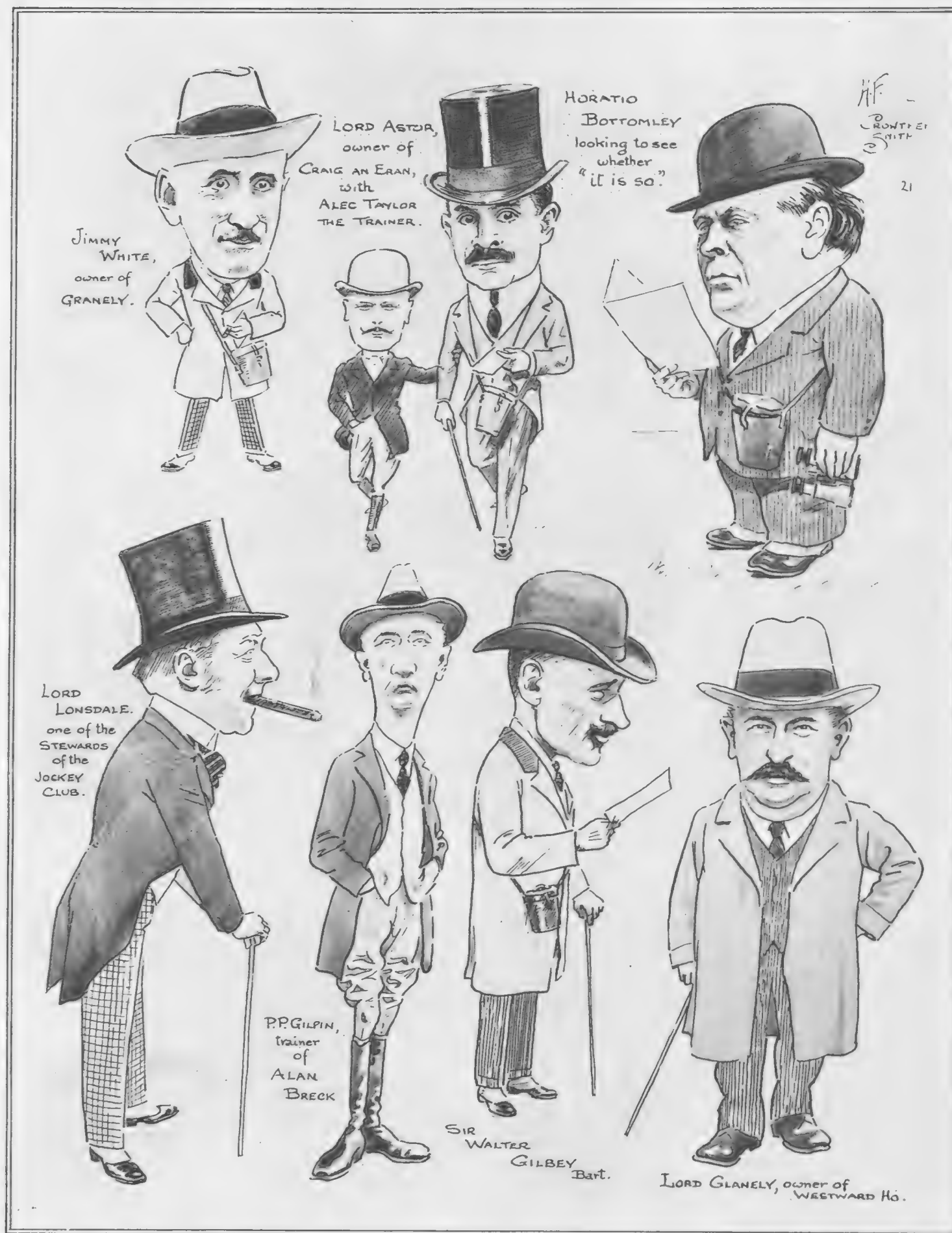


ONE OF THE SEMI-FINALISTS: H. S. B. TUBBS, OF SUNNINGDALE, DEFEATED BY ALLAN J. GRAHAM.

All the Americans were knocked out before the semi-final of the Amateur Golf Championship.—Charles Hodgson keeps a small tobacconist's, confectioner's, and newsagent's shop in Bailden.—J. B. Beddard is an official of the Wolverhampton Corporation, and plays most of his golf on a little inland course on Penn Common.—

William I. Hunter, who met Graham in the final, is in the Post Office at Deal.—Allan J. Graham captained Oxford, in 1905, and won the Durham Championship ten years ago.—The title of Amateur Champion, 1921, was won by W. I. Hunter, who beat Graham by 12 up.

The Road Derby of 1921: "Sketch" Caricatures.



WELL-KNOWN ALL: SPORTSMEN OF NOTE.

The "Road" Derby of 1921 is not only to be a carnival of horseflesh, but of cars, for going to Epsom by motor will be the popular way, as train facilities are not the feature of 1921! Our caricaturist has pictured some well-known owners and trainers, and other racing

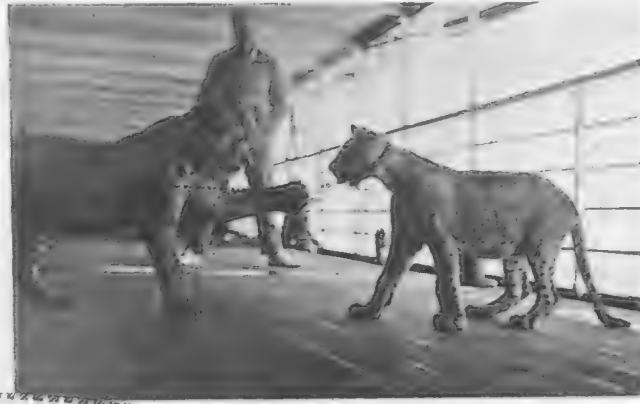
celebrities. Jimmy White is the owner of Granely; Lord Astor's Craig an Eran has been trained by Alec Taylor; P. P. Gilpin is the trainer of Sir J. Buchanan's Alan Breck; and Lord Glanely owns Westward Ho.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY H. F. CROWTHER-SMITH.

The Governor of Somaliland and His "Babies."



PAM AND PAMELA OF BERBERA ON THE DECK OF H.M.S. "TEUTONIC."



"COME HERE, PAMELA! I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU!"



"WE ENJOY A REALLY GOOD HOTEL": PAM AND PAMELA, WITH SIR G. F. ARCHER, AT THE SEMIRAMIS, CAIRO.



"HOW DO YOU DO?" THE LION CUB OFFERS HIS PAW.



"WE LIKE TAKING A STROLL IN THE GARDEN": PAM AND PAMELA OUT WALKING.

Pam and Pamela are an enchanting pair of lion cubs who have been presented to the "Zoo" by Sir Geoffrey Archer, K.C.M.G., Governor of Somaliland. They came from Berbera, and had a long stay in Cairo, where they "patronised" the Semiramis Hotel, and were finally honoured

by making the journey to Southampton on board H.M.S. "Teutonic," through the kindness of the commander. Pam and Pamela are so docile that they take exercise out of their cage at the "Zoo," and prowl round with their keeper on leads, for all the world like a couple of dogs.

"THE SKETCH" WATCHES THE POLO TRIALS:



J. J. SHANNON'S DAUGHTER, MRS. KEIGWIN;
AND MISS MADELEINE COLLINS.



STROLLING UP TO SEE THE POLO: MISS DOWLING;
MR. GLOVER,
AND MISS RITCHIE.



ENGROSSED BY THE PLAY: MISS STAMP
AND MR. DAVIDSON.



WITH MR. ERNEST HORLICK:
MRS. KIRKWOOD.

The Polo Trial match in which the English team was matched against the Duke of Penaranda, Colonel Ward, Mr. Buckmaster, and Colonel Hunter drew many well-known people to Roehampton to watch the play, which was, however, a little disappointing, as a dry ground made the ball too lively for the hitting to be as accurate as might have been wished. Our pages show some interesting and interested spectators. Mrs. Keigwin, who is shown with Miss Madeleine Collins, the operatic singer, was, before her marriage, Miss Kitty Shannon. She is the

SOCIETY "SNAPS" FROM ROEHAMPTON.



ENTHUSIASTIC SPECTATORS: MISS HILDA HOLLINGS; THE DUCHESS OF PENARANDA, AND MISS BUCKMASTER.



WITH MRS. J. MONTAGUE:
LADY MAHON.



IN THE PAVILION: MRS. MILLER (SECOND FROM LEFT); AND MRS. VYVYAN (EXTREME RIGHT).



TAKING A STROLL: LORD BURGH
AND A FRIEND.

daughter of the R.A., and is herself a clever artist. The Duchess of Penaranda is the wife of the well-known polo-player, and the daughter of the Spanish Master of the Horse, the Marquis of Viana. She is one of the prettiest women in Society. Lady Mahon is the wife of Lieutenant-General Sir Bryan Mahon, K.C.B., etc., and was, before her marriage, Lady Milbanke; Mrs. Vyvyan is the wife of Air-Vice-Marshal Arthur Vyvyan, C.B., D.S.O., and Lord Burgh is the fifth Baron.—[Specially taken for "The Sketch" by Alfieri.]

Exclusive to "The Sketch": A New "Max."



"AND IF I DESTROYED THEM I SHOULD DESTROY MYSELF WITH 'EM!'" OUR COMPLEX WORLD.

"Our Complex World" is one of the Max Beerbohm political satires exhibited at the Leicester Galleries, and bears the inscription "And if I destroyed *them* I should destroy myself *with 'em*," a remark which the giant figure of the Proletariat is making to the insignificant figures of the Idle Rich as they pass before him. The caricature is published exclusively in "The Sketch," and is one of a number of Max drawings which will appear in our next two issues. The reproduction of these new "Maxes" makes a specially interesting feature, as everyone is talking of the Beerbohm exhibition now in progress at the Leicester Galleries.

From the caricature by Max Beerbohm. By courtesy of the Leicester Galleries (where it is on exhibition with numerous others), and of the artist. Copyright strictly reserved by the artist.

Exclusive to "The Sketch": A New "Max."



MR. GORDON CRAIG ASKING THEM FOR "A SACRIFICE WORTHY OF THEIR CALLING AND THEIR IDEALS" ?

Mr. Gordon Craig, the idealist of the theatre, is seen surrounded by four mundane-looking stage celebrities—Mr. Oscar Asche, Mr. Arthur Bouchier, Mr. Allan Aynesworth, and Mr. Gerald du Maurier.

From the caricature by Max Beerbaum. By courtesy of the Leicester Galleries (where it is on exhibition with numerous others), and of the artist. Copyright strictly reserved by the artist.

Daughter-in-Law and Grandchildren of India's Viceroy.



WITH MICHAEL AND JOAN: VISCOUNTESS ERLEIGH.

Viscountess Erleigh is the wife of Viscount Erleigh, the only son of the Earl of Reading, Viceroy of India. She is the eldest daughter of Sir Alfred and Lady Mond, and was married in 1914. Our photograph shows her with the Hon. Michael Alfred Rufus Isaacs,

born in 1916, and the Hon. Joan, who is in her third year. Lady Erleigh, who is a pretty blonde, is an extremely clever woman; but she is fond of outdoor life as well as of books and music, and is a keen golfer.—[Portrait Study by Marcus Adams.]

Enchanting Twins and Their Mother.



A PORTRAIT GROUP: MRS. GEORGE WITHERBY, WITH ANTHONY AND DIANA.

Mrs. George Witherby is the wife of Mr. George Witherby, and was, before her marriage in 1913, Miss Florence Helena Moore. She is the daughter of the late Mr. Graham Ponsonby Moore, and is a great-great-grand-daughter of the fifth Earl of Drogheda.

Mr. and Mrs. George Witherby have an enchanting pair of twins, Anthony and Diana, who were born in 1915, and are shown in our photograph with their beautiful mother, who is a keen sports-woman and, like her husband, is well known in the hunting field.

Portrait Study by Marcus Adams.



DETECTIVE WORK.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

(Author of "War," "The War Cache," "Westward with the Prince of Wales," &c.)

SEBASTIAN GROOSE was suffering from a pronounced impediment in his happiness.

The sun was radiant, the blue of the heavens might have been composed by a minor poet, all the flowers were out, and Sebastian had on a new waistcoat. For all that, Sebastian scowled at a bed of lobelias and knew not joy. He said to his new, neat, and somewhat vitiated friend—

"I say, isn't there a thing to do? I feel full of the most powerful vitamins. I want to do somethin' terrific. Suggest it."

"We might go and look at the rain-gauge," said Mr. William Scrop, after considerable mental concentration. "Nice walk, through the gardens." He began to walk in that direction.

"Oh, hell!" said Sebastian. "Is that all you can manage? Can't you think of something massive—something with a real bite in it?"

"You can't begin losing money before lunch," said William Scrop sadly as he walked.

"Lose be jimmied! I don't lose," snapped Sebastian. "I win. Know how much I won last night? Best part of two thousand. And the night before I made a killin' too. My luck's in."

"That's what I mean," said William sadly, if irrelevantly. "Baccarat's all very well and proper at night. But at 'leven clock in the morning. . . . One doesn't do it, y'know."

"Oh, cards. I wasn't chatting about cards. Isn't there something else with sport in it—something one could gamble on?"

"I'll bet you," moaned William, with what was apparently a blaze of intelligence, "I'll bet you a fiver that yesterday's rain brought the fall to over an inch."

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Sebastian. "You do dazzle the mind this morning. All right—anything for excitement; but make it a hundred aside to give it pep."

He glanced at William's slightly inadequate profile, expecting some excitement. William was a dear old thing with an unfaltering instinct for the best in American Bars and menus, but he was inclined to throttle down when it came to a flutter. All the same, William's profile failed to reveal fearful animation.

Sebastian realised that it never did. During the three days he had known William he had been under the spell of his desiccated calm. Sebastian, as befitted a youth who had just come into the uncontrollable control of a very meaty fortune, was inclined to deal with life with the bold, brave gesture. He liked a splash. By splashing he could make his money glitter. His habit of plunging impulsiveness made William's chronic stoicism a matter of sharp contrast. Sebastian regarded it with awe.

As a matter of fact, there was reason. It had been the means of their introduction. Sebastian three days ago had entangled himself in a nasty scene with some bookmakers at the local races. It was one of those scenes that read so well in a book, but react so painfully in real life. At a more than critical moment William, a stranger, had appeared, and almost with nonchalance had extracted Sebastian from the scrum with no more loss than his gold watch and an eyetooth. Since that moment they had been companions. William was not a dashing fellow. He dissipated wisely rather than wildly, but he had a manner. It was a captivating manner, but at moments not as hectic as the heart desired.

Sebastian was meditating thus when the vanity-bag impinged.

It was a saucy and attractive vanity-bag, sitting with a forlorn loneliness on a secluded bench. William's casual eye also encountered it, and he said in the manner one expected from so great a brain—

"Hullo, some girl's left her vanity-bag behind."

"Why girl?" said Sebastian, not because he knew otherwise, but because he wanted excitement. "Bet you it's an oblate matron, over forty, and with a lean but ruthless husband."

It was merely a joke on his part; astonishingly, the parched owl by his side took it seriously.

"No, that belongs to a girl. Matrons wouldn't carry that bag; make 'em look older, you see. No, it belongs to a girl. And a slim girl."

"Good lor, you'll be tellin' me the colour of her eyes next," scoffed Sebastian.

"Naturally," said William. "They're blue. A violet bag like that means blue."

"Well, that's pretty decided, isn't it?"

"I pride myself I can use my eyes," said William stiffly. "I'm willing to bet. . . ." He broke off half-fearfully, but Sebastian was on to it.

"Splendid. I take you. I bet you a hundred to one you're all wrong. She's past thirty, she's short, and her eyes are anything but blue."

William stood fingering the bag, hesitating. "But that's absurd," he bleated. "I mean, I know she's young and slim, an' the rest. Why—why, I'm willing to lay five pounds."

"Supply some more details," shouted the excited Sebastian, "and you can go to ten at a hundred to one." As William hesitated, he continued. "Go on, man, there isn't much risk, anyhow; we're not likely to see her."

"We will if we stay. This bag is just old enough to be missed from the hand, just new and expensive enough to be valued. . . . She'll come back; that's why I—well, the thing's a sitter."

"That's where the thrill comes in. Do you take it on?" William nodded disconsolately. "All right, my lad, just spread yourself in detail, and we'll see what a smash your detective faculty comes. I know; my luck's in, you see. Know anything about her dress?"

"Silk, sapphire-blue," said William; he picked a wispy thread from the catch of the bag. He opened the bag, lifted out a little box of face-powder. "Brunette complexion." He lifted out a little crinkly, coppery hair-pin. "Titian hair, probably; anyhow, of one of the ginger shades, not fair, and not black." Manicure instruments were revealed. "Nice hands, takes great care of them; this set is well worn—p'raps she doesn't wear gloves. Should think she didn't. She is wearing a little green hat with grapes in."

"Priceless!" cried Sebastian. "How do you know that?"

"This leaf in the bag—grape-leaf of particularly hatty artificiality. Note the peculiar green; that shade only goes with green or blue—hence grapes green or blue."

"Well, Holmes, you're a cheery wonder. All we've got to do now is to find the fat, middle-aged, gipsy-complexioned woman with black hair, tweed suit and tam, who owns this bag, and you hand over your ten quid."

"I beg your pardon," said a soft voice behind them. Both men turned round; Sebastian goggled. It was William who took off his hat.

"I left my bag on this bench, I think. . . . Oh, thank you so much, that is it," said the soft voice.

Sebastian went purple. He said—

"You're a priceless miracle, William, and I owe you a thousand; well I'm—"

The girl who was going off with the bag was young and enchantingly slim. She wore a silk, sapphire-blue dress. She wore a green hat with a bunch of grapes in it. She was a delicious brunette, and her hair was rusty red-gold. Her eyes were blue, her hands were slender and exquisite, and she did not wear gloves. Sebastian gaped, turned to William, and dug deep into his winnings of last night.

As she looked out of a train a few hours later, the Vanity-bag Girl said regretfully: "Pity we had to leave that place. I like it a lot."

"Couldn't be helped. He was a fine plump bird, but he's making a hero of me," said William.

"A hero!" said the girl, in that tone that married men know only too well.

"That's it. He's going round bragging of my wonderful gifts—and the others will hear and raise hell."

THE END.

Sketch



ONE HAPPY AND COMFORTABLE, AT ALL EVENTS!

FROM THE PAINTING BY P. B. HICKLING.

Eho! Eho!



I

Tand' qu'aux bords des fontaines
Ou dans le frais ruisseau,
Les moutons baign' leurs laines,
Y dansent au préau.
Ého, ého, ého !
Les agneaux vont aux plaines,
Ého, ého, ého !
Et les loups sont aux bos.

II

Mais queuq' fois par vingtaines
Y s'éloign'nt des troupeaux,
Pour aller sous les chênes
Qu'ri des herbag's novviaux.
Ého, ého, ého !
Les agneaux vont aux plaines,
Ého, ého, ého !
Et les loups sont aux bos.

III

Et en ombres lointaines,
Leurs y cach'nt leurs bourreaux ;
Malgré leurs plaintes vaines,
Les loups croqu'nt les agneaux.
Ého, ého, ého !
Les agneaux vont aux plaines,
Ého, ého, ého !
Et les loups sont aux bos.

IV

T'es mon agneau, ma reine,
Les grand's vill's c'est les bos ;
Pour ainsi donc, Mad'leine,
N' t'en vas pas du hameau.
Ého, ého, ého !
Les agneaux vont aux plaines,
Ého, ého, ého !
Et les loups sont aux bos.



The Wolf and the Lamb.



Where streamlets kiss the meadow's lip
And rushing rivers flow,
The lambs their woolly jumpers dip
And gambol to and fro.
Oho, just so,
About the meads the lambkins skip,
But in the woods, you know,
The wolves are lying low.

Far off, where trees the sunlight stop,
The wolves, by bleatings thin
Untouched, lie low, till out they pop
To do the lambkins in.
Oho, just so,
The lambkins hop all o'er the shop,
But in the woods, you know,
The wolves are lying low.

In flocks, say, twenty at a whack,
They run, those lambkins meek.
Beneath tall oaks, they're no way slack
Their daily grass to seek.
Oho, just so,
They roam the meadows, but alack!
In forest dens, you know,
The wolves are lying low.

You are my gentle lamb, my queen,
The Town's a forest wild.
So then, you'd better keep, Doreen,
Your cottage home, my child.
Oho, just so,
The lambkins gambol on the green,
But in the woods, you know,
Fierce wolves are lying low.



Goddaughter of a Queen and Wife of a Guardsman.



THE ELDER DAUGHTER OF VISCOUNT CHURCHILL : THE HON. MRS. CECIL BRASSEY.

The Hon. Mrs. Cecil Brassey is one of the younger generation of Society beauties. She is the elder daughter of Viscount Churchill and, as her Christian names, Victoria Ivy Louise, suggest, is a goddaughter of Queen Victoria. She was born in 1897, and her marriage

to Mr. Cecil Brassey, 1st Life Guards, eldest son of Major Leonard Brassey, M.P., and Lady Violet Brassey, daughter of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, took place last year. Our page shows a reproduction of her portrait by Leo Klin.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY LEO KLIN.

Peaceful Pictures from a Disturbed Area.



FISHING ON THE SUIR,
CO. TIPPERARY:
MISS WYNDHAM-QUIN.



IN THE SUNSHINE AT DURROW CASTLE, QUEEN'S CO:
THE HON. EILEEN FLOWER.



A DAUGHTER OF LORD CLARINA: THE HON. MRS.
DOUGLAS CAMPBELL.

Our page shows some peaceful photographs from disturbed Ireland. Miss Wyndham-Quin, who is seen fishing on the Suir, is the only daughter of Colonel Wyndham-Quin, C.B., D.S.O., and of Lady Eva Wyndham-Quin, of Castleton, Carrick-on-Suir. She is a keen fisherwoman, and spends a good deal of time in the pursuit of her favourite

sport.—The Hon. Eileen Flower is the only daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Ashbrook.—The Hon. Mrs. Douglas Campbell is the fourth of Lord and Lady Clarina's beautiful daughters, and married Captain Archibald James Hamilton Douglas Campbell, O.B.E., in 1913. She has three little girls.—[Photographs by Poole, Waterford.]

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All gowns, cloaks, and hats, including those worn by Miss Sari Petras in "The Gipsy Princess,"
at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, designed and executed by Getz.



FROM THE READER'S POINT OF VIEW.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.



MR. PATRICK MACGILL has written the war story of a "bayonet" in his novel, "Fear." He has taken an unremarkable barber, enlisted him in a squad of unremarkable men, and subjected all to the vast and ugly reaction of war.

Henry Arthur Ryder is the son of a savage old barber, with an automatic habit in marriage, who himself graduates into a world made monotonous by endless unclipped heads. A weakling and a student, he fails to react patriotically to the war, and experiences the whole gamut of young civilian emotions before he is taken by conscription. After a "low category" job he is combed out, and makes the acquaintance of that condition of terror, tedium, and mud which is the reality of war.

The power of Mr. MacGill's story-telling lies in his stark and bitter descriptions, his quite ruthless fidelity in rendering the workings of the soldier's mind, and the breathing naturalness of his characterisation. Ryder himself and his companions form a group as living as those in "Soldiers Three." Squadder Shorey, thief, stoic, with his "queer 'ell-fire opinions"; MacMahon, the wild, raging Irishman, to whom danger became a craving; Roll-on, Pick-up, Puddie-foot, Cowe, and the rest of "the brave boys facing it all with a smile," as they constantly scoff, are extraordinarily and impressively real.

Real are their actions, their coarseness, their humour, and their apathetic courage, through the days of "strafings," muddles, gambblings, billets, and beer-drinkings. Their outlook is unvarnished as their conditions. Their language and their actions may upset the squeamish, but they are their own. Ryder himself, with his fear of fear, his inward squirmings and his outward calmness, his moments of animal fierceness despite his pacifist leanings, his sentimental affair with a "Wiff," who was beautiful and fickle, is rather a vehicle for conveying a series of unfalteringly etched impressions, but he has reality, too.

Miss Mary Johnston is as vague in her book, "Sweet Rocket," as Mr. MacGill is hard and cruelly definite. One is at first impressed

have gone through time, from and toward—the from that is also toward, the toward that is also from . . . and so on. The toward that is also from is quite a simple thing if it wasn't for the jargon. Anna, one of the characters, gets near coherence when she describes it as "intensified, guided, realised memory and imagination."

The essence of it is that Linden and Marget, and the rest of the metaphysical people who flow in and out of the lovely Virginian house, Sweet Rocket, are so able to release their spirits from their bodies that they can travel to Rome without moving, can share the thoughts of those about them, and can go back along their ancestry, and live over moments in the lives of their unknown forebears. Mr. H. G. Wells exploited something of the same thing in his "The Time Machine"; Miss Johnston gives the idea a spiritual twist, infuses into it much beauty, and then sows it in a field of theosophical terms that, growing up, choke it.

Those who wish to travel by magic carpet to the Islands of Tranquil Delight, where dwell a Race of Givers, can do this charmingly and without passport difficulties by following Mr. Hector MacQuarrie through his "Tahiti Days." When he has got over a slight pertness and sententiousness, no doubt engendered by life on rather cramped liners, and lands in Tahiti, he carries one away with descriptions of his magical surroundings, and his pen-pictures of his lovable neighbours. They include Lavina, who was "an extraordinary combination of saint and sinner. She sinned in French and Tahitian, but was eminently respectable in English," and also the handsome Manu, and her vari-caste children. She was handsome, a good mother, but a husband-hater. "She liked men-folk, but preferred not to have them about the house." There is also Captain Lying Joe, who was proud of his title, and a score of attractive citizens of the South Seas.

There are the South Seas themselves, with their colour and their beauty. Mr. MacQuarrie shows the pearl fisher going down into the lagoons with a lead weight between his toes—and the dangers and riches that are his. He shows the pearl island swept by a cyclone, when land disappears entirely, and all that remains is the palm-trees standing above the raging surf, with wind-buffed human beings clinging to them. He even shows such modern reactions on the South Sea mind as the "movies" and the influenza scourge.

It is a book full of the spell of the tropic seas, though Mr. Macquarrie scoffs a little at those writers who see in it only romance. Still, he cannot escape from its romance himself. His story of Hinano and Pecano, the chivalrous half-breed, who returned to marry the leper girl, is romance in all its beauty . . . and he has other stories of the same kind. He even has a touch of queer mysticism, as when the old gods grew angry and sent a sudden storm, because he, a white man, had set his profane foot on their ancient temple. And more mystical than that is his own personal experience of Fire Walking.



MAJOR "RATTLE" BARRETT AT RANELAGH: A CHAT WITH THE DUCHESS OF PENARANDA AND MISS BUCKMASTER BETWEEN THE CHUKKAS.

Our photograph, which was taken at Ranelagh during one of the polo trial matches, shows Major "Rattle" Barrett, one of the English Internationals, chatting to the Duchess of Penaranda and Miss Buckmaster.

Photograph by I.B.



SNAPPED IN HYDE PARK: COLONEL ASHTON, COLONEL "MOUSE" TOMKINSON (THE INTERNATIONAL POLO PLAYER), AND A FRIEND.

Colonel "Mouse" Tomkinson is one of the English side for the International Polo Match. Our photographer snapped him in Hyde Park talking to Colonel Ashton (mounted) in Rotten Row.

Photograph by G.P.U.

by a sense of beauty, and an exquisite and delicate aroma of mysticism. Then one grows baffled.

It is not the idea that baffles so much as the language. Linden, the blind philosopher of Sweet Rocket, outlines the idea like this: "We are One Being with its mighty potencies. All that comes in comes to us, all that goes forth goes from us . . . We go as we

Fear. By Patrick MacGill. (Jenkins; 8s. 6d.)

Sweet Rocket. By Mary Johnston. (Constable; 7s. 6d.)

Tahiti Days. By Hector MacQuarrie. (Hodder; 20s.)



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It is not sufficient to buy scientific pearls, one must buy Técla pearls just as in ordering a book *one must designate the title.*

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10 Rue de la Paix, Paris
398 Fifth Avenue, New York



HOW reminiscent we are all getting in these days. Not, you know, at twenty-five shillings net, with careful reconstructions of hearts long broken and dances never danced. Because that vogue was killed by the clever lady who set it. But in our fashions. The whole modern rush forward into the future is so often nothing more than a weak lurch backwards into the past. (Yes, this thoughtful mood comes on us sometimes when it seems a long way to the next holidays and only a short distance to the Bankruptcy Court.)

The pannier was a throwback to the eighteenth century. The sticky-out thing (what *do* they call them?) was a reminiscence of the 'Sixties. They revived the 'Twenties in the boxing boom. And now here comes a particularly resonant echo of the 'Eighties in the form of a passionate public interest in African exploration. "Back to Stanley" is the real watchword of the movement. So there is Nothing New Under the Sun. Even when one gets asked to Buckingham Palace in order to tell them all about it.

And they used to reckon in the old days of "Dr. Livingstone, I presume," that the reverberating H. M. Stanley knew something of having publicity thrust upon him. But he was a child compared with his latest disciple. Every infant in the three kingdoms (or are there only two and a noise now?) has been familiarised with the achievements and appearance when alighting from a car of England's Heroine. But they will forget all about it until somebody else goes and does the same thing. Snouse—we mean, Senussi.

Meanwhile, the fashion, while it lasts, will probably be taken up by other enterprising young persons. Miss Explorita Strongi'th'arm will disguise herself in a sailor-hat and a pair of horrible American shoes, and penetrate—with Mr. Bottomley's permission—to Darkest Homerton. Then she will go to the photographers and wait for the Royal Command. The wonderful Long-bow twins, Flora and Fauna, may get as far as the North Pole (a longish omnibus fare) and get themselves photographed in the poses made popular by the Dolly Sisters whilst scanning the horizon for the King's Messenger on his galloping horse. And so on. But it will Blow Over.

Longer reverberations, one feels, will be left by that particularly penetrating series of front-door bells which Mr. Beerbohm pulled before he ran away to the Italian Riviera. There is a marked lack of conviction about the enthusiasm of some people for the Maxixe display. It is impossible not to wonder wickedly how much Sir Philip Sassoon really enjoyed being reminded of the old Moulmein Pagoda in these days when he is so very indigenously a Sussex man. Hourly one expects to hear of another Lympe. Conference to discuss the possibility of an international raid on Rapallo.

And the welcome which Mr. Beerbohm gave Mr. Walter Long into his new peerage was a trifle acid. And acidity, whatever those advertisements may say, is sometimes nearer to truth than the sugary pronouncements of one's political friends. But the real cruelties of Leicester Square are reserved for Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Kipling, both (one suspects) a little too habituated to abuse to feel such a sting; and neither (it may be conjectured) particularly good at seeing the joke.

Never mind. The summer is starting with a supply of sun which almost makes up for the absence of coal. The cars roll up and down the street, and no Class-Conscious Proletariat rolls them over and makes them into Third International barricades. Many persons place hasty orders for feathers to stick in their hair preparatory to making a bow at the constitutional monarchy. And London is much as usual.

There is a procession of Awful Warnings through the Probate and (how delicate we are) Admiralty Division, which appears in no way to discourage the rival procession (*à deux*, not *à trois*) which is pouring steadily in the opposite direction through the church doors and the small paragraph column of the morning newspaper. Odd, you know. Because some of them . . . ah, me! . . . and So Young Too.

Anyway, thank goodness it isn't Winter any more. Or its popular alias, Spring.

And one can walk

about and sit about and stand about. Even if one can't get about, because the trains are as over-populated as the towns that they start from.



THE SEA-GOD OF OLYMPIA: NEPTUNE—
WITH HIS WIG.

The sea-god Neptune, who figures in the Royal Tournament at Olympia, is an impressive deity, and owns a wonderful voice, which once echoed across the parade ground, for he is a retired N.C.O. On the opening day, H.M. lost his wig, and had to appear in a substitute one, but his loss was quickly made good, and he has his fine flowing locks again!

Photograph by L.N.A.



OLD ENGLAND AT OLYMPIA: CHARACTERS IN THE PAGEANT
AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT.

The Pageant is one of the many excellent features of this year's Royal Tournament at Olympia. Our photograph shows some of the characters in the Pageant, which is said to be the best parade of British uniforms ever seen.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



BY APPOINTMENT
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“The Standard of Excellence”

Late 'Un!

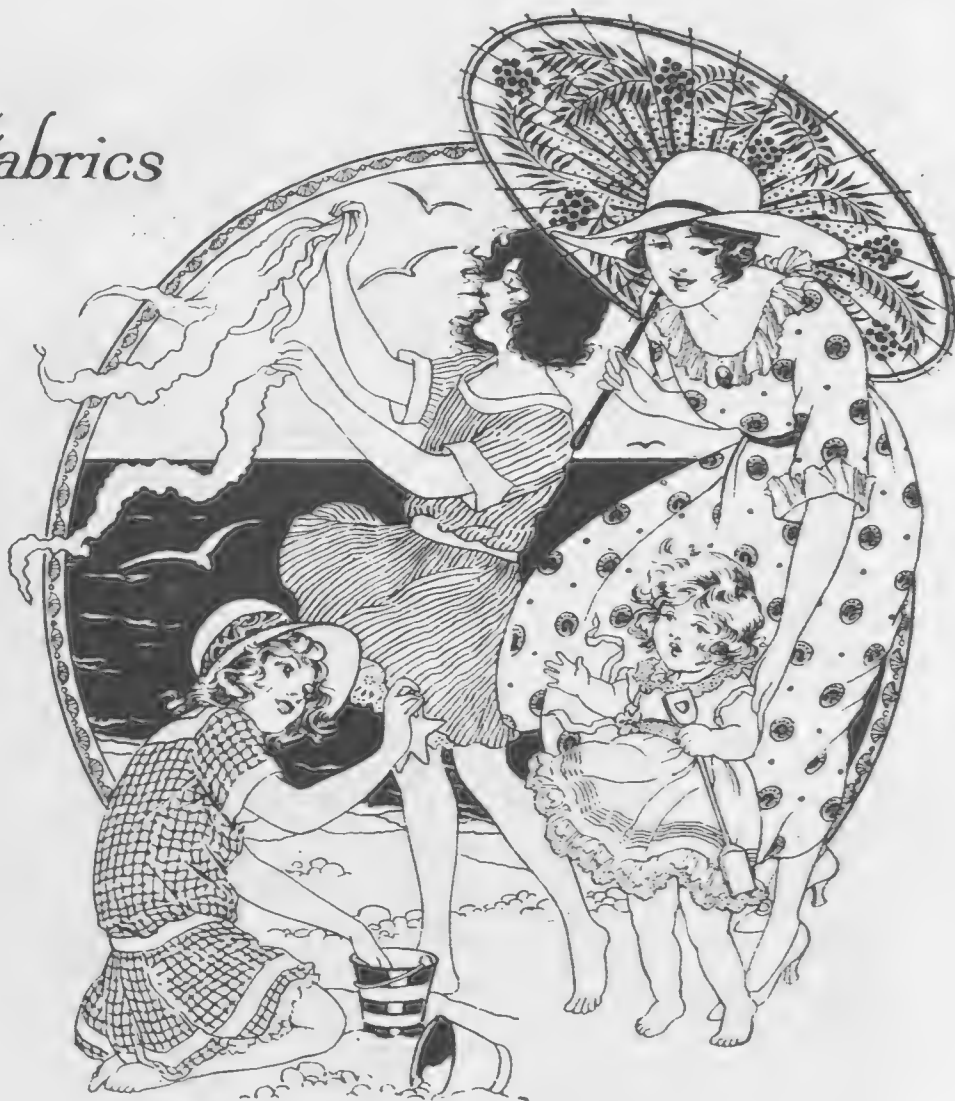


THE ORACLE (*on Derby Day*): I see a rolling down—a vast concourse of people—a race-course—It is Derby Day—The horses canter to the post They're off—One forges ahead—He is challenged—They struggle neck-and-neck—He Wins!—No!—Yes!—They shout his name! It is—Yes; no; alas!—the vision fades!

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.

For Summer Time Fabrics use **LUX**

It is a pleasure to use Lux as well as to wear the dainty fabrics washed with it. In a bowl of warm water the pure Lux flakes are whisked into a foaming lather in an instant. Gently squeeze the creamy suds through and through the texture, then rinse in clean water. Lux coaxes rather than forces the dirt from dainty fabrics.



*The Children go down
to play on the beach —*

in frocks and dresses kept spotlessly clean and comfortable with LUX. Their cool and dainty underwear is also preserved with this wonderful preparation.

Mother's dresses and smart jumpers are maintained in all their charm with LUX. And when Father joins the family party at the sea his flannels look as good as new—thanks to LUX.

WON'T SHRINK WOOLLENS.

*Packets (two sizes) may
be obtained everywhere.*

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT





THE superlative is in fashion. This may not be exactly new, but the superlative has become more superlative (if the expression be forgiven me) than ever. Not a week goes by without some attempt to determine, at least for a little while, who is the best this and the best that. Every newspaper has a competition in which you have to guess what the crowd will think of all kinds of people whom they do not know, but whose names they may have seen in print.

Who is the greatest Frenchwoman? It is the visit of Mme. Curie to America to receive the great gift of radium that has provoked this particular plebiscite. Plebiscites are dangerous things, but a plebiscite about Upper Silesia is not half so perilous as the plebiscite to discover the greatest Frenchwoman. There are those who hotly sustain the claims of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, but there are lovers of sport who consider Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen the most distinguished Frenchwoman of the day. Those who admire poetry plump for the Comtesse de Noailles, and those who care more for clothes elevate Mme. Paquin to the supreme position.

There seems to be a consensus of opinion that Mme. Marcelle Tinayre is the most appreciated writer of romance, and Mlle. Hélène Dufau is the most remarkable woman painter. Feminists—they exist in France, though women neither have the vote nor demand with any insistence the vote—make Mme. Marguerite Durand their champion. There are Mme. Marthe Chenal as cantatrice, Mlle. Chaminade as woman composer, and Mme. Juliette Adam as politician among the favourites. Remember that if somebody else organised the election and there were another set of voters, the results would be entirely different. There is absolutely nothing more arbitrary than the distribution of these honorary titles. But the voting attracts great interest. There is a mania for classifying everybody, for putting us in our places.

So far there has been no plebiscite to find the best mannequin. I have no doubt it will come. The mannequin at this moment is the most popular person in Paris. We all know her. We could all vote about her. Once upon a time the mannequin was to be found in the fashion houses. Now she is to be found on the race-course, at the theatre, in ball-rooms, anywhere and everywhere that women and men are congregated. She is ubiquitous. She has become an entertainment. Soon she will be a rival to the stage actress.

No function is complete without her. There must be a *défilé* of mannequins on all occasions. There are *défilés* in the revues, and the displays of fashion are more heartily applauded than anything else. In the art exhibitions there is now as a matter of course a procession of girls wearing the dresses of the leading *couturiers*. At those brilliant

gatherings known as the Quatre Vendredis de Mai, one of the chief attractions was the parade of the mode. No longer is the mannequin merely kept in the *maison* to show off the dresses to advantage. She is a personality in request, and will, when demanded (as she is), go anywhere to repeat her performance. Indeed, one may say that her performance is the most popular one in Paris.

There is no doubt that a determined effort is being made to bring back the long and wide robe. Some of the dinner gowns that the mannequins wear have fallen right to the ankles, while the walking costumes and afternoon robes are very little shorter and are almost equally wide. This fulness is specially noticeable. Even a child in these matters, like myself, could not fail to observe this revolution that is taking place. It does not follow, of course, that Parisiennes will consent to wear skirts that almost touch the ground, but such is the tendency and such is the attempt.

Long or short, the creations that the Paris *couturiers* are showing in these *défilés* demonstrate that French taste has not deteriorated. But if further proof were wanted, it would be found at the Salon du Goût Français, which was recently opened in the Champs-Élysées. It is a collection of the objects of art of dressmakers, jewelers, furniture-makers, furriers, lace-dealers, workers in bronze—every trade which fashions things of beauty is represented here.

These are exemplified not by the actual objects, some of which are unique and so valuable that they have never been exhibited, but by coloured photographs on illuminated glass of these objects. This is the first time that the

process has been so employed, and the Palais de Glace resembles a cathedral with its rich reproduction of the best examples of French taste in all *genres*.

Quite unaccountably, there is from time to time a little boom in one or the other of the tiny but expensive restaurants of Paris. At present it is the oldest of them all that is being visited; and so tiny is the establishment that it is necessary to book your table in advance. Nothing is more amazing than the continued vogue of this little place which is so far off the beaten track. While nearly all the others are near the boulevards, the Tour d'Argent is right away from any centre, on the quay beyond Notre Dame.

But what a joy for the epicure! Dining is a solemn rite, and the silent waiters in an atmosphere of awe move about like bishops celebrating a mystic religious ceremony. Where those wonderful ducks, which are put through a silver press by the venerable Frédéric, are obtained is a sacrificial secret. With a bottle of Romanée nearly fifty years old, and a duck—my own the other night was numbered 51,620—you have a feast for the gods! SISLEY HUDDLESTON.



HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS SALMON-FISHING: THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN IN SCOTLAND.

During the Crown Prince of Japan's visit to the Duke of Atholl at Blair Castle, his Imperial Highness spent some time salmon-fishing. Our photograph shows him with the gilly and a member of his suite.—[Photograph by J. F. Duthie.]

DUGGIE'S
FIRST RULE
NO
LIMIT

Why Look for Any Other?



Lord Robert : By Jove! What a name "Duggie" must have among those who know. Just been looking through the comments of the great Sporting Papers, and what they say about him is simply wonderful.

Sir James : Yes, the *Daily Mail* speaks of his figures for the "Double" as being the largest of any Turf Accountant, so no wonder the *Sporting Life* backs this up by naming him as "By Far the greatest Turf Accountant in the World."

Lord Robert : Our friend *John Bull* says "He's Safe as the Bank of England," and the *Tatler* advises its readers to "Select Douglas Stuart."

Sir James : Oh, they all say about the same. The *Sportsman* calls him "A pioneer and introducer of new ideas," and the *Sporting and Dramatic* chimes in by "Strongly recommending this exceedingly enterprising, liberal and reliable agency." Some praise, What!

Lord Robert : Oh, I've noticed simply dozens of similar Press comments; but the one that strikes me most is the one a few days ago by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who said, "His name stands for all that is Best in the Racing World."

Sir James : Considering that he is always under the limelight, the unanimity is splendid. Makes one wonder why the Backers ever look for any other.

DOUGLAS STUART

Member of *all* Principal Sporting Clubs

NEW OXFORD STREET
LONDON.

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CARTON

IF
LOST
TELEGRAPH
FIND IN FULL



MANY INVENTIONS. By GERALD BISS.

REALLY, Lionel Rapson, of the unpuncturable tyre, ought to apologise to Rudyard Kipling for infringing his copyright in "Many Inventions" with his new Rolls with its special Barker body, as it seemed to me last Sunday to embody about four to the square inch. Yet, withal, the body was as neat and simple as possible, beautiful in streamline, and not showing any bulbous clumsiness or distiguring attachments—far less than the usual car, in fact. Now, this Rapson of our time had a great-grandfather who invented things over a hundred years ago, of which I have the specifications of the patents in front of me—

No. 3591 in 1812, A.D., for example, when Moscow got into trouble, "a new or improved method of communicating a regular or irregular motion from one axle to another without the aid of an universal joint"; and in 1834 (No. 6665), a steering apparatus for ships in use to this day, not only in our own Navy, but in that of America as well. This shows strong hereditary bias in the direction of invention; and what is more, Rapson of to-day has inherited from Rapson of a century ago the ruling motto, which he applies practically, of "Be Simple."



A REFLECTING-HEADLIGHT SIGNAL WHICH WORKS DAY AND NIGHT WITHOUT COST: A CLEVER CINCINNATI CROSS-ROADS "STUNT."

This warning signal works day and night without cost, and has been placed at dangerous cross-roads in Cincinnati. The device consists of a red mirror glass, one foot square, mounted on a standard near the edge of the pavement on an angle, so as to catch and reflect the lights of approaching cars' head-lights. The result is the same as if the signal itself were illuminated. The red glass is protected from breakage by wire netting.

Photograph by Fled Agency.

treads, which grip the road marvellously, are well known nowadays to all motorists; and my personal experience is that they absorb the road-shocks, splendidly at 50 lb. pressure, and do not retard the speed of the car. Possibly, before very long, motorists may themselves absorb a pleasant shock, and this tyre may prove itself also a winner on price, to the surprise of most of its rivals.

"Simplex Munditiis." Again, the full complement of six Rapson disc wheels is familiar enough; and so is the jack, which is the last word in the "Be Simple" business, and what theatrical folk would call a "scream." The variety of badges and mascots is according to taste, but there are places for plenty. Rapson plugs are familiar; but very neat

and new is the petrol-locker behind the front seat to take half-a-dozen concealed cans of your favourite juice. Under this locker on one side is a hot-and-cold basin with all toilet requisites, and opposite, in the corresponding place, a tool cupboard. Then there are accumulators, accessible and spare, gauges, hot and cold water fill-ups; and in the back of the streamline body, which lifts up, in addition to coats, rugs, and bags, there are cupboards for spares, oil, etc., outfits for cooking and photography, and a permanent petrol-funnel built into the top of the tank. Then in front there is a food-table, which can be pushed in and out of a ventilated food-locker, fitted with a feeding outfit, as well as good things to browse on upon life's weary road—in such a rough-and-ready machine! What was a real surprise to me was the room for everything and the graceful lines unbroken everywhere, and the unexpectedness and unsuspectedness of each new surprise. The only thing I was disappointed not to find was that Rapsonised Rolls generated its own mineral waters from the water-cooling system on Rapsonised sparklet lines. Meanwhile, if you want to rest from the burning of the noon-tide heat, you can always pull up in the shade and play "Old Maid" or "cut-throat" poker upon the green oasis of the dining-table without getting out of your seat. In fact, it is like a snail who carries everything on his back—except a trifle faster when the police aren't spotting!

Brooklands Garden Party Meeting.

Since it came back into its own property, Brooklands can hardly be said to allow the grass to grow upon the cement; and scarcely is one meeting over than notices are out for the next, not counting the various intervening meetings of lesser organisations upon the track. The next B.A.R.C. meeting proper is now announced for Saturday, June 25, commencing at two o'clock. This is always the sort of garden-party meeting of the year, though, of course, there is no saying what the larger public may insist upon doing now that they have discovered the track in force. Nine races are offered for subscription instead of eleven, and this allows racing to start an hour later than upon Bank Holidays. These races include three long and three short handicaps, a senior and a junior sprint, and a light-car short handicap; and an interesting innovation is the insistence that, apart from declared or tested speeds, the long and the short handicaps are for cars over 1500 c.c. in one class, over 1400 c.c. in the second, and over 1100 c.c. in the third. Moreover, in the biggest class not more than six, for reasons of safety, are to be allowed to start in each heat, and entries will be accepted strictly in order of receipt. It puts the club in a much stronger position to be able to refuse entries, and makes for better results all round.



THE HUMAN LIGHTHOUSE (THREE-LIGHT-POWER) AS A TRAFFIC CONTROLLER: THE LATEST POLICE IDEA FROM NEW YORK.

The latest idea from New York is the human "lighthouse" as a traffic controller. At night the traffic will be controlled by men wearing the harness contrivance shown in our photograph. The three lights, red, green, and yellow are operated by push buttons, and may be seen from some distance. They serve as a guide or warning to motorists, especially on park driveways, where the man at the wheel is tempted to "speed up" a bit.—[Photograph by Keystone View Co.]



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DECREASED production costs, owing
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the various firms associated with the
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costs in the principal Foundries and Stamp-
ing Plant of the combined Companies at Suresnes,
a heavy reduction in the cost of raw material, and
the whole 1921 output of the 16 h.p. model con-
tracted for by agents, added to which the sales in
France have been much heavier than anticipated.
All these facts have resulted in a further large
series of this model being placed in production, a drop of
£100 in price, and the further upholding of the Darracq
Company's "Value-for-Money" policy, which gives its
customers the immediate benefit of the improved industrial
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"WHAT IS THE BEST
CAR OF THE YEAR?"

Daily Dispatch, Nov. 4, '20. . .
"After the most exhaustive exam-
ination into the relative 'value-
for-money' of the numerous cars
exhibited at this year's Olympia
Motor Show, in my considered
judgement the 1921 model of the
16 h.p. Talbot-Darracq is in
every respect the car as repre-
senting 'value-for-money.' . . ."

W. H. BERRY.

The same writer states in the
Evening Standard, March 4, '21:
". . . After nearly 2,000 miles
with the Talbot-Darracq on the
road, however, I have nothing
to take back from my original
opinion that she is the best value
in cars in her class in 1921."

Through a Glass Lightly



EXTRACT from a letter written by an American, visiting England after a period of enforced "dryness" in his own "home" State: "Yep! We sure are having one big time in the little old Mother Country. Me and Jim's just doing ourselves well. Why, this little England of theirs is just some island. Beauty! Why, it's got California skinned a mile! Hospitality! Why, the Southern States ain't in it! Blue skies, sunshine, comradeship, and geniality! Food, fun, drink! Real drink! Why, say, at this very moment, me and Jim's sitting on a hotel verandah looking on the finest river in the world, and listening to our arteries going dry."

Many an epigram is only a platitude in the wrong place. And a platitude, well placed, becomes almost an epigram.

As they say in Prohibition countries: "One summer doesn't make a swallow."

Some men know everything about anything. They are, usually, people who talk to you about "stymies," "long odds," "googlies" and "back-cloths." One such entered into conversation in a Tube train with a man who knew most about much, but nothing much about most things. This was the dialogue, and you can guess which one starts the talk: "Hello! Going to see the Aussies?" "What ozzies?"—"You're going to Notts, I suppose?" "Going to nots? Whatever do you mean?"—"For the Test." "Test! What test? Oh, gorrell!"

Maisie had been put to bed. Mummy had retired into the next room, awaiting the sweet, significant silence of a child's slumber. But from the darkness came Maisie's voice: "May I have a drink of water?" Mummy said: "Not now, Maisie; there's a darling; go to sleep." Another pause, and then again Maisie's voice: "But, Mummy dear, I want a drink of water." Again from Mummy the remonstrance and the command. This went on for quite a long time, and at last Mummy in a moment of exasperation said: "Darling, if you don't go to sleep I shall come in and smack you." There was a longer pause—and then: "Well, Mummy, when you come in to smack me, will you bring me a drink of water—please?"



MARRIED IN CONSTANTINOPLE: MRS. T. H. KEBLE, FORMERLY MISS LUGA RAVNDAL.

Mrs. T. H. Keble, whose marriage to Mr. T. H. Keble, of the Buffs, took place recently at the British Embassy Chapel, Constantinople, is the younger daughter of Mr. Gabriel Bie Ravndal, the American Consul-General of Constantinople. Our snapshot shows her after the wedding ceremony.

A woman without a sense of wrong
Is like a singer without a song.

How fortunate it is that,
like the matches in an average box, we are not *all* strikers.

A man who, somehow, had made a lot of money in the lamented war (they used to call them "profiteers") took out to dine with him a new friend who had ideas but no money. A sumptuous dinner, accompanied by luscious wines, was negotiated,

in a club to which the "Prof" belonged—the club membership demanding no other qualifications than the possession of a reasonable bank balance. After the end the "Prof" insisted on his guest having "just one" of the finest brandies ever served. He called the waiter and directed that two brandies should be brought, giving, as a final order: "And look 'ere, waiter; no common stuff, see? I want the best liquor you've got in the cellar." The waiter brought two well and properly served "Napoleons." The "Prof" host, indicating to his guest not to taste, sipped the brandy first and then called back the retreating waiter. "Hoy!" he said. "Look 'ere, waiter; yer can't deceive me. This ain't three star!"

One of life's most mirth-provoking sights is to watch a pessimist trying to administer sympathy to an optimist

The man who returns home at 2 a.m. and blandly informs his wife that it is after eleven is a good example of the inevitable futility of emphasising the obvious.

It is becoming increasingly difficult to obtain accommodation in Town. In fact, lately several applicants have been met by a flat refusal.

A spendthrift son—there would appear to be in every family a spendthrift son—had come to the utter and absolute end of his financial resources. He was in undoubted difficulty, up to the eyes

in debt, locked out of his rooms, all possessions mortgaged, and no hope in the world but the chanced results of the speculation of his last half-crown. So he wired home to mother. This is what he telegraphed: "Send two hundred pounds immediately." Within a few hours a reply came from mother. It was an anxious moment for the son. The little envelope seemed to contain nothing but an ordinary form. There were no collection instructions. He opened it. The message was: "What for? Mother." He wired back with his remaining "bob": "For me, Son."

The money came.

"The situation at present shows a decidedly marked improvement," say the daily papers in their leading articles. Possibly—but it's nothing to write home about, as the schoolboy said when he saw his end-of-term report.



MARRIED AT THE CHAPEL ROYAL, SAVOY: MRS. T. M. CHITTY THOMAS.

The marriage of Captain T. M. Chitty Thomas, O.B.E., M.C., barrister-at-law, and formerly of the Suffolk Regiment; to Miss Eva Rhodes-Robinson, took place recently at the Chapel Royal, Savoy.



MARRIED RECENTLY AT OXHEY CHAPEL: MR. PHILIP INGLESON, M.C., AND MISS GWENDOLINE FULTON.

The marriage of Mr. Philip Ingleson, M.C., Sudan Civil Service, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Ingleson, of Bushey, to Miss Gwendoline Fulton, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Robert Fulton, took place recently at Oxhey Chapel, Oxhey Place. Our photograph shows the bride and bridegroom after the ceremony.



SONS OF A D.S.O.: JOHN AND IVAN JOHNSTONE BAUGH.

Our photograph shows John and Ivan Johnstone Baugh, the sons of Captain Baugh, D.S.O., R.I.M., late Deputy-Director of Inland Transport, France.



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Ciro Necklet equivalent to £500 one.

The following letter shows how one of our clients proved this to be the case.

"WALTHAMSTOW.

"A day or two ago I was looking over some pearl necklets in a London Jewellers and there were one or two marked at £500 and over which seemed no better than yours; in fact, if I had to choose between them without knowing the price, I should choose the *Ciro*."

**FREE OF COST TO YOURSELF YOU MAY MAKE THE COMPARISON, AND
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On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a necklet of *Ciro Pearls* 16 ins. long (complete with case), or a Ring, Brooch, Ear-rings, or any other Jewel mounted with *Ciro Pearls*. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within seven days and we will refund your money. Other lengths at proportionate rates—Gold Clasp 2/6 extra.

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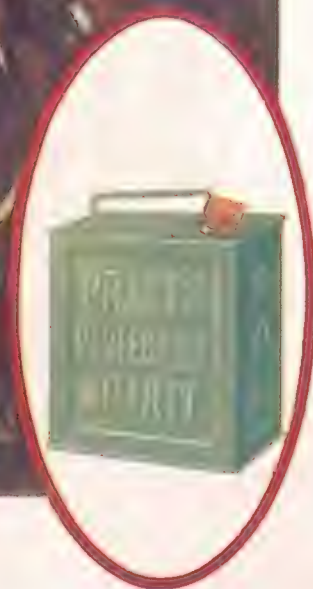
Vast chemical actions have wrought upon the vegetable and animal matter marvellous changes which resulted in the formation of hydro-carbon.

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they defy detection even when placed alongside
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Dainty Dressing Gown in rich
satin of exceedingly good quality.
Trimmed spotted muslin collar,
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Made in shades of sky, pink,
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Charming Model for little BRIDES-
MAID'S FROCK in powder blue satin
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Size for 2 years ...	Price
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Boudoir WRAPPER in good quality wool-back satin. Long roll collar and cuffs of Ivory Jap Silk (which are detachable for washing) finished with buttons in self colour. Hand finished throughout. Being made in our own workrooms, the quality and workmanship can be thoroughly relied upon. In Pale Pink, Sky, Lilac, Purple, Saxe, Old Rose, Cerise, or Black.

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Model 105

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13/9

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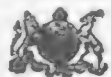
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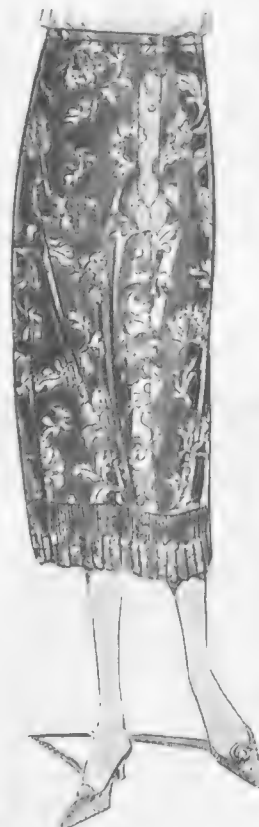
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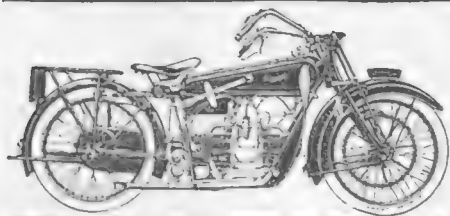
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Lace is particularly fashionable in Paris this season, many of the smartest models being made entirely of lace over georgette and other soft clinging materials. Cream, white and black laces, with a foundation of bright colours showing through or laces dyed in vivid colours, are much in demand.

SMART TEAFROCK (as sketch) in rich quality écreu coloured lace, a copy of an old Flemish pattern, cut on simple straight lines, lined throughout with georgette to tone, finished belt and large bow of shot faille silk.

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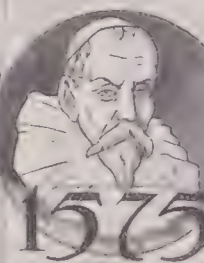
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the heart
is young*

"Every month is May when the
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undoubtedly the joy of life comes
more freely to men and women who
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The children of a larger growth who
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It sustains while it delights.

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Makers: Turner & Wainwright Ltd., Brighouse.

The Bottle-Scarred Warrior!



THE PROFITEER (telling of the scramble for supper) : The way the people fought for the cold chicken was a perfect disgrace—though I must say the wing and two legs I got was first rate.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Merry, if Short. We have gone quite a long way towards going without coal, and are not a scrap the worse. We have, in fact, found out what a dirty, unhygienic medium of heat-promoting it is, and how we enjoy the clear air and unadulterated sun-rays only possible in its almost complete absence. Now we await the great discovery—its clean, efficient substitute—and are assured that it will come. Meanwhile, we are busy resuming business as usual. In town it is largely the business of pleasure, on which so many other kinds of business depend. We are having a road Derby this week. That it will prove as successful as a road Whitsuntide holiday depends only on the weather. I believe that trains will be available for Ascot Meeting, if all continues to go well. Courts and a Garden Party at Buckingham Palace brighten the immediate prospect, and, if we must have a short season, let us determine to have a merry one.

Our World's Playground.

Salesmen and saleswomen in the West End of London are, as a rule, as courteous on duty as diplomatists. Just now they are accentuating even that courtesy, so slack is business. The coal workers have done trade an evil turn, and the minds of most of the people who have money are turned determinedly to keeping it, having no assurance of what will come next. Our hopes centre largely on our visitors from America, North and South, from our own Dominions across the sea, and other parts of the globe. This little island of ours is looked upon as a world's playground, and many millions have not had a good play since the war began. It was hard luck that we had to receive the advance guard under the shadow of industrial strife. Let us give our visitors here, now, and to come the best of good times, and restrain all inclination to fleece them in order to recoup our own losses.

Sunrays and Design. The woman who succeeds in being out of the common and yet in the circle of good and refined taste is the successful one.



Photo. L.N.A.

Worthy of the brush of a modern Velasquez is this evening dress of apricot-coloured lace over peach-coloured taffetas, and a spray of orange and yellow nasturtiums.

The matter of table linen is one in which this seems rather difficult. When, however, such distinctive damask as "Old Bleach" and such characteristic designs as those based on old English porcelain are obtainable, the difficulty disappears. In words it is impossible to convey these characteristics and distinctions; but a post-card to Old Bleach, Randalls-town, Ireland, will bring a portfolio of ten beautiful designs. The linen is of the finest and purest, the bleaching is of the old gentle preserving process on the grass in the sun. The result is that it is something to be proud of. There is a £1000 needlework competition from Feb. 1 to Dec. 1 of this year. It will be sent if asked for, or your draper can get it for you.

The Ankle and the Knee Battle-Cries.

The battle of the skirts continues to wax hot and strong.

Some there are who declare that never, never, never will they wear a skirt more than two to three inches below their knees. The majority of such declarations do not come from young girls with symmetrical limbs and neat ankles, but from those who want to look youthful, and encourage themselves with an idea that short skirts have this effect. On the other hand, there is the band of women who declare for Queen's length. Her Majesty can do no wrong, and the skirts affected by her seem just the right length

[Continued overleaf.]

Sorelle Hair Specialities



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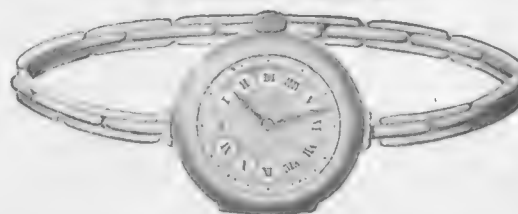


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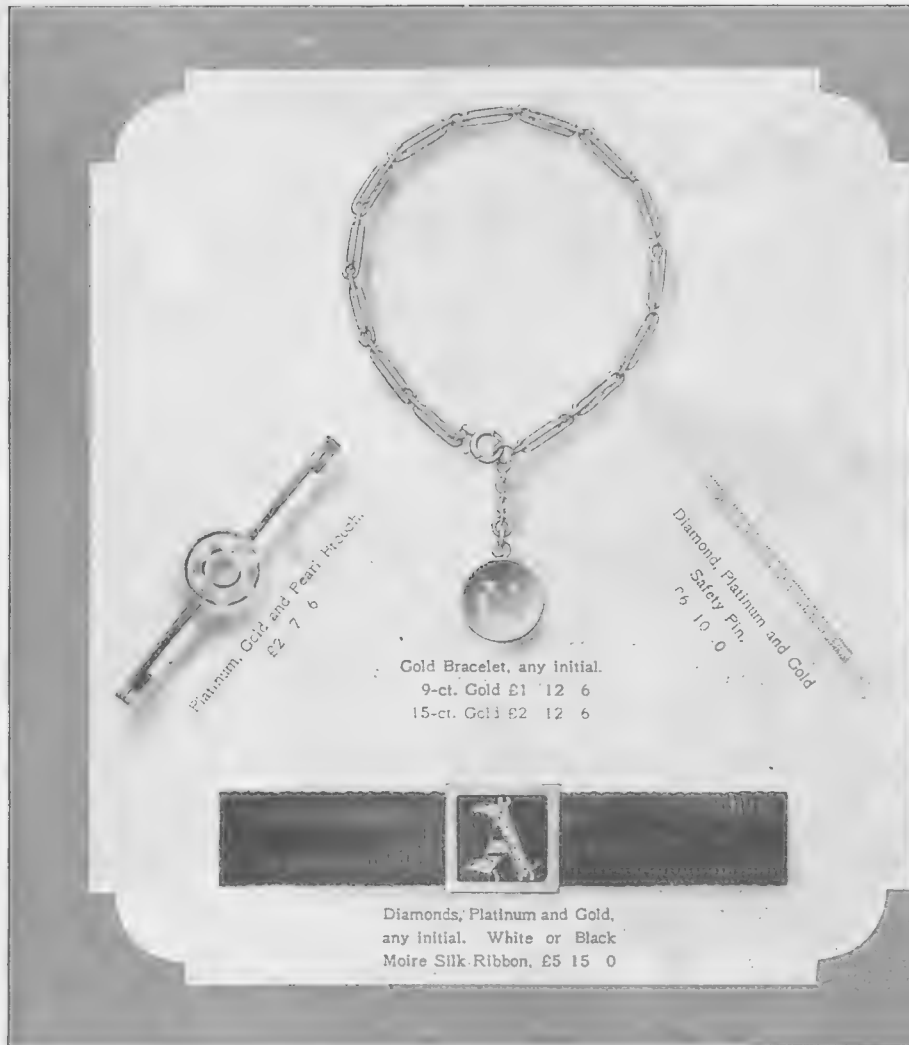
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(Continued.)

for her. For women who go about on their feet among their fellows they are too long. Four inches off the ground is quite a good practical length, and gives a becoming line from waist to hem. The last action of the skirts battle will probably be at Ascot, when I imagine that the ankle-length faction will win.

A Man's Way. Have you ever gone shopping with a male relative—not to help him, but just to bear him company? I went with a brother to Gieves' the other day. It was a revelation of one sharp contrast in the methods of the sexes. The way the male gets his clothes filled me with amazement and admiration. Inside an hour he had acquired a whole outfit for the summer and autumn, having just arrived from China with a terribly depleted wardrobe for the West. From department to department in this dignified interior we hurried. In each he ordered, and salesmen brought at once, what he wanted: shirts, collars, socks, stockings, underclothes, pyjamas, ties, suits (for these he made appointments for fittings the same afternoon) hats, caps—everything. I said, when we emerged from the lordly portals of 21, Old Bond Street, "But you never questioned anything." "I never waste time," said he: "Gieves' things need no question—they're always just right." That's a man's way!

A Princess and Her Ladies. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, would be a Princess of hearts even if she were not one in rank. Her secret of charm is something like that of the Prince of Wales: she is so interested in all that she does and sees, and much that she hears about. Last week she presided at a meeting at the Middlesex Hospital, and formed a Ladies' Association in support of that magnificent philanthropic institution, of which the Earl of Athlone is President. We all know what a really efficient Ladies' Association can achieve, and every member of that under Princess Alice will feel bound by loyalty to their President to bring real grist to the mill of mercy, as one may well call the Middlesex. Lady Bland Sutton is, of course, a prominent member, and her name is another assurance of success in raking in money. Princess Alice and her ladies will do well for one of London's finest hospitals.

Solomon Out-Gloried. Solomon would have found all his glories fall far short of those of the flowers assembled at the great Show of the Royal Horticultural Society last week. It was, I think, the most beautiful flower show I have ever seen, and I heard an almost exactly similar expression of opinion from no less a lady than

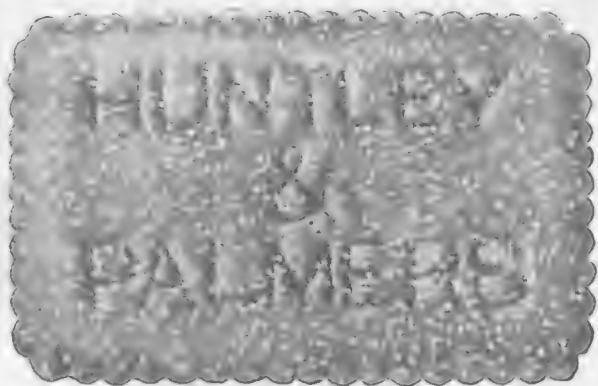
her Majesty the Queen, whereupon I felt "set up," and have since remained so. There was a freshness and a summeriness about it all that was very alluring. The Queen and Princess Mary had dressed to the atmosphere, all in white, with a hat for her Majesty that someone was criticising because it had ospreys in it, until it was firmly pointed out to her that it was the cream-coloured beard on pink-and-mauve barley-ears round the crown—extinction of critic! Princess Mary had a cream canvas hat with just a touch of gold in it. I was quite upset in my commonplace mind because the King and Queen had strawberries and Princess Mary had none. Consolation came in the thought that H.R.H. can have them any day.

Flowers Reigned Supreme.

The Crown Prince of Japan I saw for the first time at the Flower Show. His wonderful teeth impressed me: never saw I any so white and so even. He looks older than his twenty-one years, and on this occasion he was not wearing his smile. I was afterwards told that the variety of the flowers and their perfection amazed him. Never had he thought of ours as a flower island: we have not that character in the East, and he arrives to long days of sun-shine and a show of flowers quite unbeatable. The Duke of Connaught arrived early, and so did the Duke of York. Dress was rather funny. Some women had thought of the east wind and put on furs, and then thought of the sun and caught up a fan or a parasol; the result was rather bizarre. I saw many spring and summer-like hats, but the winter was yet over-shadowing the clothes. Miss Graham of Netherby, indeed, was in a delicious figured voile dress, and accompanied her handsome mother, Lady Cynthia. However, the flowers reigned supreme; no one bothered much to look at the people.

The only woman M.P. has now had a sufficiently long experience of Westminster to have catalogued her impressions correctly, so the interview with her which appears in the June number of *Pearson's Magazine* should represent her considered opinion on the House. She has some charming things to say about what she thinks of the other members, but no statement is forthcoming as to what they think of her—or rather, what she *thinks* they think of her. She is all for sweeping away the many "unnecessary and ridiculous handicaps" from which so many women are suffering to-day. As the mother of a handsomely numerous family, no doubt she resents the fact that in the eyes of the law she may be an M.P., but does not count as a parent.

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CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 97, GRESHAM STREET, E.C.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

THEIR heads were laid closely together as they studied an official-looking catalogue bound in a blue-paper cover.

A passer-by tripped against the table and sent the book flying. Our Stroller politely picked it up, and noticed the title as he handed the volume to one of the trio. His interest at once intensified: the title intrigued his inquisitive attention.

"Thank you," said the owner of the book. "Clumsy beast, isn't he?" and he turned to his companions to resume the interrupted conversation.

"There ought to be money—a lot of money—in the idea," Our Stroller overheard him say. "The Board have got instructions, that I know, to clear up the job as quickly as possible, and so we might get the contract at a very cheap rate if we could find the money for the lot."

"I know one man who bought thousands of"—his voice dropped, and Our Stroller was tantalised by missing the essential word. "He took all they had at three-ha'pence each."

"Impossible!" exclaimed one of the others. "Why, I bought one the other day and they charged me four-and-six."

"Can't be made under half-a-crown," added the third man.

"I know. But by clearing the whole bunch, he got them for eight a shilling. It's a fact, I tell you. Of course, a good many had been used before. He's getting anything from a shilling upwards for them."

"One of my boys brought home an aeroplane propeller that he bought at some factory for three shillings—eight or nine feet high, stamped for the French Government; and a chap I know told me these things cost anything from five to seven pounds to make."

"And one of my pals gave five bob for a motor appliance which he would have had to pay a fiver for in a shop."

"There you are, you see. They are bound to get rid of the stuff somehow. Clear it out altogether. Now, if we were to take this million——" and again his voice sank to a confidential whisper.

"Hundred per cent. profit in it," said one of the others.

"At least a hundred. More likely twice that. Now, the question is, where can we get the money?"

"Nobody's got a bean."

"Agreed. But supposing we went to a big manufacturer of these things, who can't turn them out, mind you, at anything like the price we can offer them at——"

"He would be obliged to buy them so as to save his market from being flooded with this cheaper stuff."

"That's it in a sentence. He, and the other manufacturers in the trade, would be ready to snap them up like a shot, else our stuff would spoil their trade while the supply lasted. We're doing them a good turn, and the public, too, and——"

"Ourselves as well. Only there's this difficulty about getting so much capital together at the start. If we could find a small syndicate, or some wealthy old blighter who would stand in with the profits, I believe the contract might be ours to-morrow."

They fell into silence and deep thought. Then one of them got up, took the bill, and went away, without saying any more.

"It sounds all right," remarked one of the two who remained. "And a good many people must be doing the same kind of thing. What's your own idea?"

"I'm going to turn it over in my mind to-night, and have a talk in the morning with a technical chap I know. It's rather off our usual rails, isn't it?"

"A good way off. But it looks tempting, and it ought to be good business. I'll sleep on it myself."

"Right. Mind you don't stifle it in the process," and the speaker laughed as he rose and smacked his friend's brawny shoulders. "Bye-bye for the present."

"Going back to the House?"

"Think there'll be any need, if our deal comes off? No, I am going to have a look—haw—at one or two Rolls-Royces and Daimlers. Very handy things to have about the place, haw, what?"

Our Stroller was musing over the matter, and trying to fit missing pieces to this financial jig-saw, when his broker came along. Who dropped into one of the vacant seats and ordered a black coffee.

"Nothing much doing inside," he began, in the usual Stock Exchange way. "Got anything exciting to tell me?"

Our Stroller started to repeat the talk he had just overheard, but changed his mind. "It would be hardly cricket," he soliloquised aloud.

"What would? D'you mind passing the sugar? Thanks. Remember how we used to get saccharine in the war? And not always that, unless you paid extra for it. Thank goodness, that time's over."

Our Stroller deftly turned the subject to the 3½ per cent. Conversion Loan.

"You can buy it safely up to 70," declared the broker. "It may not get there all at once, but it will sooner or later."

"Think it will cut out the War Loan?"

[Continued overleaf.]

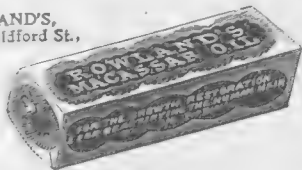
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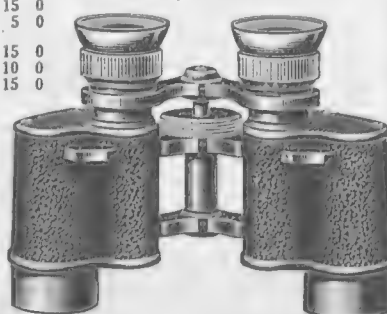
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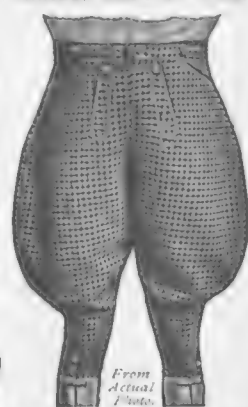
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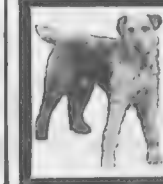
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Continued.]

"No, I don't. You get the dividends on War Loan free of tax from the Bank of England, and the stock is taken at 95 in payment of Death Duties. The two things will always keep War Loan popular."

"When's the next Victory Bond drawing?" asked Our Stroller.

"In September. The price generally goes up as the time gets near. There's a lot of speculative human nature in the investor, my bonny boy."

"There's a Turkish 4 per cent. Loan at 71 they tell me is a snip for 100."

"Oh, yes; I know the thing. Guaranteed by us and France—that the one?"

"That's it. The Bonds have been drawn at par, I'm told, by Turkey, but not paid off. Are the two Powers liable?"

"Only for the interest, for certain. And that is being paid, of course. There's some doubt as to whether France and ourselves will have to redeem the principal. If it weren't for that element of obscurity, you wouldn't see the price 29 points below par."

"Even my dull brain grasps that."

"And, moreover, we're not at peace with Turkey yet."

"Aren't we?"

"Not officially. That's why pre-war loans and contangoes are still running indefinitely. Can't clear them up, for good, until a year after the conclusion of peace."

"Then is that the reason for the Stock Exchange refusing to discuss a return to carrying over, and fortnightly settlements, and—"

"Hammering? Yes, that's it, old son. And to tell you the unexpurgated truth—"

"There's a good deal to be said on both sides," was Our Stroller's judicial comment when he had heard it.

HERE AND THERE.

Before the war, German 3 Per Cents. stood at about 74, with the mark at 20. Last week, they changed hands at 7½. It sounds very cheap, but when the price is analysed, we fail to find any justification for it. At what figure Germany's credit should be valued we do not know, but it would be a bold man who placed it higher than on an 8 per cent. basis. Even if we take it at 6 per cent., and the exchange had remained at par, the price would be about 50. With the mark at 1d. instead of 1s., we get a price of just over 4. In our opinion, German Threes are not worth any more than this figure, and only if the exchange rose to about 150 could the current figure be justified.

The coal strike drags on, and we are promised a settlement some day, but meanwhile factory after factory shuts down, and trade becomes smaller and smaller. Nobody seems very concerned and nobody does anything to hustle matters. Are we mad?

AMUSEMENTS.

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The American exchange has reacted from 4.00 dollars to 3.95, but we doubt very much whether even this figure can be sustained for long. When the autumn crop movements begin the rate is bound to move against Europe; and anyone who can secure dollars at the present rates should do well.

Manchester is anxiously waiting news of the bursting of the monsoon in India. If the early rains are good, the demand for cotton goods should revive at last.

Imperial Tobacco Ordinary have been fairly active lately, and a 48s. 6d. or thereabouts are worth picking up. But the profit won't show to-morrow.

These Notes will appear on Derby Day, which is more than a lot of people will do in Throgmorton Street. Anyhow, good luck to you all. May you Light on the winner!

Friday, May 27, 1921.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2, and must reach the Office not later than Wednesday in each week, for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions, but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired, the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for ten shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

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